

LOCAL NOTICES.

Cure Jacobson's best sweet navy tobacco.

Lambert and all papers for sale at this office.

Take your prescriptions to McRobert's & Nigg's.

Turner Bath Soap, only 5 cents a cake, at McRobert's & Nigg's.

Take your produce to A. J. Harris, and get the highest cash price for it.

Prescriptions compounded at McRobert's & Nigg's.

Write Lewis, Lincoln and Mixed Paints at bottom prices at McRobert's & Nigg's.

Lambert stock of Millings and Picture Frames at Bottom Prices at McRobert's & Nigg's.

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RAIN.—Another excellent rain fell here on Tuesday evening last. The crops are now safe in this section.

REV. J. R. SIMS, of this place, has been elected Vice President for Lincoln county of the State Sunday School Union.

We will publish a card of thanks from Rev. J. R. Sims to his parishioners next week; he hadn't time to prepare it for this issue.

CHURCH COURT DAY.—Last Monday was the busiest yet. Very little business of any kind was done. Our parishioners had no time to make, there being no stock on the market. Nothing of interest was done by the court.

FATAL FALL.—A little three-year-old son of Mr. C. C. Graham, of Louisville, who is spending a while at Oak Orchard, fell from a horse at the Lancaster tollgate near town on Monday, and had his skull fractured. He was taken home, and died a few days afterwards.

ACCIDENT.—One of the shafts of Mr. George Bobbitt's buggy became fastened while he was driving along the pike Wednesday evening, causing the horse and driver to be jerked both shafts off and to run down at full speed. Mr. Bobbitt was thrown out of the buggy, but not much hurt.

LIGHTNING.—During the storm of Tuesday evening, lightning struck the house of Mr. Peter W. Carter, living near McCormack's Church, and knocked off the top of a chimney and some shingles, then ran down the gutter into the cistern. His wife and one of his children were considerably shocked.

ROBERT.—Was pretty badly beaten last Monday, but has the opportunity to offer himself as a candidate again in 1881. He is wasting a great deal of the best portion of his life in the pursuit of that which he has a very poor show of gaining. The majority of the people of Lincoln see through him too plainly.

"The Southern News" column of the Courier-Journal of last Friday says that in a certain town in Florida, of 700 population, there have been but three deaths since the 1st of January last. We can but hope for health here in Stanford, for with a population of 1,500, there has not been a single death since that time from disease.

PATENTS.—Were issued from the U. S. Patent Office on the 29th of July, 1879, to Wm. C. McCormack, of this county, on his Lamp Burner. The business was attended to by the old reliable firm of Munn & Co. in a way marked with promptness and ability. Mr. McCormack was, as soon as he can make suitable business arrangements, place his invention in the reach of the public.

ALMOST HERE.—But three weeks more until Summer will pass away and Fall begin. In order to close out as far as possible, every thing in the Summer goods line, at our friends, the Hayden Brothers, tell us, is being sold at prices that they still offer every thing at lower prices than at any other time. Many of these articles will answer for Fall and Winter use just as well as for Summer, and the fact that you can get them for even less than cost, should induce all who are able to purchase to come forward and do so at once.

NOT WORTH WHILE.—It is not worth while to run off to Louisville or Cincinnati, to buy goods of any kind, when the plain fact stares you all in the face, that here at home, at Hayden Brothers, you can supply every want at prices that are admitted to be lower than can be had in either of those large cities, and the goods here are in every respect just as good. In fact, we speak from actual experience when we say that for real bargains, we have found it a saving of money to get our supplies from this reliable old firm.

THE SOUTHERN CALICO CLOTH CO.—Has established headquarters in Stanford, and expects to remain here several months, during which time they will send agents throughout all the adjacent counties to exhibit and sell their "Fashion Cloths." This is a Southern enterprise, and one of no mean importance, as every household wants a good time-piece, and these are certainly the finest cloths we ever saw. There is an air of gentility about the whole thing that at once knocks all idea of shoddy out of it; nice, pleasant and polite gentlemen, splendid teams and wagons—in fact, every thing about the company has such a good and businesslike air that we predict success for them.

THE ELECTION IN THE COUNTY.—Not much interest was shown here in the election on Monday last. Every thing was quiet until about 3 or 4 o'clock, after which time we had several small fights. The vote polled is about the average. We give the result below:

STANFORD.—For Governor—Blackburn, (Dem.) 42; Evans, (Rep.) 27; For Representative—Eve & Co., (Dem.) 61; Bobbitt, (Ind.) 13; For Sheriff—H. H. Blackburn, (Dem.) 56; For Constable—J. B. Blackburn, (Dem.) 56; For Constable—J. B. Blackburn, (Dem.) 56.

TERREHILLE.—For Governor—Blackburn, 120; Evans, 91; Representative—Gosh, 118; Bobbitt, 97; Sheriff—Benghmen, 132; Constable—Jas. M. Carter, 132; For Constable, 20; Greenback Ticket 1 vote.

HARRISONVILLE.—Governor—Blackburn, 262; Evans, 147; Representative—Gosh, 248; Bobbitt, 126; Sheriff—Benghmen, 273; Constable—John H. H. Blackburn, 273; For Constable, 20; Greenback Ticket 1 vote.

WALKER FLAT.—Governor—Blackburn, 92; Evans, 40; Representative—Gosh, 79; Bobbitt, 43; Sheriff—Benghmen, 104; For Constable, 106; National Greenback Ticket received 4 votes.

CHAS. OGDEN.—Governor—Blackburn 204; Evans, 218; Representative—Gosh, 106; Bobbitt, 245; Sheriff—Benghmen, 209; Constable—John H. H. Blackburn, 273; For Constable, 20; Greenback Ticket 1 vote.

MAJORITY.—Governor—Blackburn, 97; Representative—Gosh, 118; Sheriff—Benghmen, 132; Constable—Jas. M. Carter, 132; For Constable, 20; Greenback Ticket 1 vote.

THE GRAND GOVERNOR'S BALL.—At Oak Orchard Springs to-night, promises to eclipse any thing of the kind ever given in this part of the State. The Governors and many of the prominent men from the adjoining States are expected to be present.

THE ACQUITTAL.—On Belle Fish on the charge of the murder of Henry Alfred, is a surprise to a good many persons. The jury were not satisfied that the blow at her hands caused the death, as that occurred fourteen or fifteen days prior to the time he died. The doctors who testified, said that there is no case on record of a person having lived two weeks after a fatal injury had been inflicted.

DR. C. C. GRAHAM.—Of Louisville, who is spending a while at Oak Orchard, called on us last Monday morning. Although the doctor is 65 years old, he was very desirous of walking from the Springs to this place, a distance of 10 miles, but, being unable to get company, he took the train. He says that he walks as fast as nearly every day while in quest of cures. He is in form as that he expects to return to Louisville about the 20th inst., in order to attend to his department in the Exposition. The doctor requests us to say that any one having a curiosity of any kind would do him a great favor by sending the same to him at Louisville, Ky.

CHURCH COURT.—The following cases have been tried since our last report: Asher Harris, for unlawful shooting, was fined \$500. Belle Fish, on charge of the murder of Henry Alfred, was acquitted.

Miss Chrichton was acquitted on the charge of receiving stolen goods. Charlie Rigall for trespass, was fined \$10 to be worked out at \$1 per day. The petition of W. H. Miller, County Attorney, for mandamus against Judge Brown to compel him to issue warrants against the Directors of Turnpikes for not reporting condition of their roads, was dismissed.

THE COURT ADJOURNED.—The Court adjourned Wednesday. The Judge will go to Liberty, Saturday, to hold a special term on that day for the Burdett case.

MARRIAGES.—HIGLEY.—GOSH.—On the 31st ult., Mr. H. M. Higley and Miss Mary Alice Gosh, both of Lincoln. The groom is only 18, and the bride 17 years old.

BAUGH.—GOSH.—Mr. Godfrey Baugh and Mrs. Catherine Gosh, both of Lincoln. They were married August 2d. Their ages are 20 and 20, respectively.

DEATHS.—SKIDMORE.—Miss Emily Skidmore, daughter of Welch Skidmore, died on Saturday night last of Droupy—aged about 18. Her remains were interred at the Methodist Church at Highland.

HITCHCOCK.—In Oak Orchard, on the 4th inst., of Consumption, Mrs. James H. Hitchcock. Her funeral was preached on Tuesday, by Elder Joseph Ballou, and her remains deposited in the Oak Orchard Cemetery.

HOLMAN.—On August 2nd, in Oak Orchard, of Consumption, Miss Fannie Holman, aged 25. She was confined to her room two months, during which time she suffered greatly, but bore it patiently, and was ready for death when it came.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.—Uncle Jerry Maxwell, of Tennessee, sold to Mr. Stout, of New Jersey, 500 mountain sheep, at \$1.70 per head.

WEAVER & EVANS are still paying 80 cents for wheat, although there has been a decline of 2 or 3 cents since last week.

MILL.—A. M. Feland is still standing his mill, 4th Duke of Oxford, at \$5, and all that over bred to him are able to pay their taxes.

Mr. Lorland's (Gerardine, 2-year-old, has secured another victory for the American stable by winning the Leland Stakes, half mile dash, at Goodwood, England.

T. C. Eastman telegraphed from New York to Bedford, Kennedy & Ferguson: "Buy nothing at present. We are getting good Illinois cattle much cheaper than you can possibly buy in Kentucky." (Paris True Kentuckian.)

Wm. Rue sold to Sam'l. Cheek, for a Minnesota pair, a nice pair of coach horses for \$400.—Geo. Tarkenton's combined gelding, in training at Rue's Stables, has been sold to a New York party at \$250.—(Danville Advocate.)

A. T. Harbour shipped 22 fat hogs to Louisville last week at averaged 291 lbs., and for which he received \$3.75 per cwt. R. W. Vance, Jr., shipped a carload to the same place at averaged 242 pounds and brought \$3.65 per cwt.—(Lebanon Times and Kentuckian.)

Capt. Funk's famous premium stallion, Napoleon, died at Harrodsburg last week. He was never beaten at any fair from his colthood to his death, having captured premiums all over Kentucky, in St. Louis, Indianapolis, etc. Last year he took twenty-six premiums in Southern Kentucky.—(Danville Advocate.)

PARIS.—On account of Monday being election day, regular court was not held and sales were few. About 50 cattle, with no demand. A lot of 2-year-olds bid to \$2.50 and withdrawn; one lot of long yearlings to \$2.50 per head and not sold. About 50 mules offered; one lot of 28, 2 and 3 year old, sold at \$4.75; broke mules at \$4 to \$120. Only a few horses offered, and prices low at \$17 to \$25.—[True Kentuckian.]

LOUISVILLE.—Market dull. No extra shipping cattle offered. Good shippers bring \$3.50 to \$4; best butchers, \$3.50 to \$3.75; medium, \$3 to \$3.25; common, \$2.25 to \$2.75; thin steers and poor cows, \$1.50 to \$2; open, \$2 to \$3. Good hogs meet with ready sale; no demand for stock hogs and shoats. Choice to butchers, \$3.75 to \$3.85; fat to stock, \$3.50 to \$3.60; good light, \$3.25 to \$3.40; common, \$2.50 to \$3.40. The demand for sheep and lambs is confined to the better grades; common can scarcely be sold at any price. Sheep—extra to fat wethers, \$3 to \$3.50. Lambs—extra, \$3.50 to \$3.75.

the field for 1881. All dependant on my motto. Gratefully yours, FONTAINE F. BOBBITT.

LINCOLN COUNTY.

Rejoice every communication which does not allude to the rain of Tuesday.

The election on Monday was the least disorderly of any held in this place for many years. The "great chronic" acknowledged his defeat at the polls on Monday evening, but immediately announced himself as a candidate for Representative in '81.

The Courier-Journal alluding to the defeat of the chronic candidate complains that "Lincoln never could appreciate true genius—for gals." We think we can, and have set it down at its true value.

The Telephone Office has been established at Hustonville Station on the C. & R. R. Will Hucker, operator. The Telephone enterprise has received a new impetus in consequence, and will probably be in operation at an early day. Hence, we expect soon to annex the Station as a suburb, which will make our town about 25 miles North and South. Being then closely connected with the great Evangelical Railroad, we will enjoy facilities for getting up a Camp Meeting occasionally, and thus secure the moral and religious influence of Sunday Christians, and the numerous class of Christians who love to worship by steam.

A New Advertising Wrinkle.

The recent attempted assassination of Edwin Booth recalls an incident that occurred while that tragedian was playing his last engagement in this city, and which is the real origin of the rumor that he intends never to visit the Pacific coast again.

It seems that one morning while Mr. Booth was making his toilet in his room at the Palace, the door quietly opened, and a wide-awake looking individual slid in and cheerfully looked at the astonished actor good morning.

"How's 'Hamlet' to-day?" said the stranger, blandly. "Fraid you wouldn't see me if I sent my card up, so I just dropped in informally, as it were."

"No I see," said the only 'Iago.' "What can I do for you?"

"The fact is, Mr. Booth," said the visitor, hurriedly, "I am the advertising agent for the Bazenbees' Auction-house, on Market street. Cheapest clothing-house in the civilized world. Over 50,000 customers."

"Don't want any others. Can't look tragic in a coat with fifteen ridiculous pockets. Avenge!—thou!"

"But I don't want to sell you any, my dear sir," put in the agent: "I just come to make you a regular business proposition. Coin in it, my dear sir; coin in it."

"But sounds, alrath, I am an actor—not an auctioneer!"

"That's exactly it. You know we agents are always up to some new advertising dodge or other. I attended your performance last night, Mr. Booth, and it occurred to me if you would only introduce some mention of our establishment into your lines, we could afford to pay very liberally for it."

"Could, eh?" said the hope of the American stage.

"Yes. You see you might graciously vouch in an allusion to us here and there, where it would seem kinder natural and appropriate like. For instance, there's 'Hamlet.' Instead of giving simply the lines 'customary suits of solemn black,' you might add, 'the kind they sell at Bazenbees' for \$24.' That would sort of nail the attention of the audience, seems to me."

"I should think so," said the star, stealthily edging over toward a Roman sword in the corner.

"I see you catch the idea," continued the agent. "Now there's 'Romeo and Juliet.' There's dead loads of good chances in that. In the balcony scene you might say, 'I would I wore one of Bazenbees' cheap dog-skin gloves upon that hand that I might touch that cheek.'"

"You'll like that, would you?" grimly inquired Mr. Booth, slowly unsheathing the sword behind his back, and getting in front of the door.

"Yes, sir; we shouldn't mind \$100 a night to have that done in first class style. Just think how it would make trade bloom down at our place to have you thunder as 'Othello'—'Domina, who is the elegant kerchief I bought for thee at Bazenbees' at six bits a dozen?' Why, sir, it would fairly—"

There was a funeral from the agent's house next day, and in deference to the last wishes of the martyr to advertising, his hearse bore on each side a splendid canvas inscription.

"Just arrived—50,000 more boys' suits at Bazenbees'! Call early!"—[San Francisco News Letter.]

A Plaid that Misbehaved.

Yesterday afternoon a red-faced young man belonging to an excursion party called into a drug store and politely asked the soda-vender to buy him out of any particular kind of syrup. The lady made an investigation, and replied:

"We are out of sarsaparilla, but—"

"That's all right—right, sir—you wait a minute," interrupted the young man, and away he went.

The boy took the empty reservoir from the fountain and replaced it, and in about two minutes the young man returned in company with his girl and four other people, evidently all friends. Walking up to the fountain he said:

"I'm going to take sarsaparilla in mine, for the doctors all recommend it, and if he hasn't any sarsaparilla, I want take nothing—what do you all say?"

"Oh, we'll take the same," they replied.

The young man began to smile, and his left eye began to draw down, but what was his horror to see the boy draw out six glasses in succession and push them to the front, where they were eagerly drained of their contents. He tried to give the boy a look of mingled hate and murderous intent, but the boy was too busy to see it. He felt in all his pockets, brought up watch-keys, pen-knives and pencils, and finally laid down twenty-seven cents and whispered to the boy—

"That takes my pile, and if I ever catch you outside of town I'll lick you to death!"—[Detroit Free Press.]

Scene—Hotel reading room.

"I beg your pardon, but where in hell have I seen you before, sir?" Gentleman (looking up from his paper): "I am sure I can't tell. What part of hell are you from, sir?"—[San Francisco News Letter.]

A Cold Reception.

John Brinkley is an old skintint merchant in a village not far from the city. He had a clerk whom he persuaded to sleep in the store at night, thus saving the expense of hiring a watchman. Now, Dave Osborne, the clerk, was very fond of cards, and was in the habit of indulging in a four-hand game of euchre, inviting three of his friends to come to the store for that purpose and stay until it was closed. They often played until midnight. One night one of them was detected in cheating; he was charged with it and denied it. Then ensued a fierce quarrel, and the fellow was unceremoniously put out and told that his company in the future was to be dispensed with. The cheat turned informer, and Dave was severely reprimanded, and commanded to discontinue the vicious practice on pain of being discharged. Dave promised to behave, but did not mean to keep his promise. He selected a man in place of the informer, and managed to have his games in spite of the old merchant. They played as quietly as though they were all mutes.

Now, to make sure that his clerk obeyed his commands, the boss crept up to the store one cold night, after 10 o'clock, and lightly rapped at the back door. The boys were in the midst of the game, but Dave winked and motioned them to be quiet. He waited awhile; then there came another rap louder than the first.

"Who's there?" asked Dave, with a well-forgotten yawn.

"Let me in, Dave," said a disguised voice, which the clerk at once recognized as that of his employer.

"What do you want to get in for?" he demanded, sleepily.

"I want to have a social game of cards."

"Now, look here," said Dave, in a virtuously indignant tone, "don't you know Mr. Brinkley has forbidden it?"

The old fellow chuckled approvingly and remained silent awhile; then he spoke in his natural voice:

"Dave, I am Mr. Brinkley, as just let me in; I want my umbrella, it is raining."

"Your voice sounds a little like his, but he can't come in on that—so be off!"

But the old fellow halted, and Dave went up stairs with a bucket of water, opened the window gently, and doused it over him, drenching him completely.

The next morning, with a perfectly sober face, he informed his employer how a fellow came and coaxed him to let him in. "But I told him what your orders were," added he, "then he tried to make me believe it was you, Mr. Brinkley—you, yourself, sir. But I think I drowned that notion out of him, for I emptied a bucket of water on him and went to bed again."

The old man tried to laugh at the joke, but it gave him a chill, so he smiled approvingly and said Dave was a faithful fellow. He went no more on an investigating tour.—[Ex.]

An Account of an Old Time Duel.

Among the many bloody duels on record as having been fought by Congressmen was one in which James Jackson, of Georgia, who had been and was afterwards a United States Senator, was the challenger party.

He was an Englishman, like "Pun-ford," by birth, but he came to Savannah when a lad, studied law, was a leading Free Mason, and fought gallantly in the Revolutionary war. He killed Lieutenant Governor Wells in 1780 in a duel, and was engaged in several other "affairs of honor," until he finally determined to accept a challenge on such terms as would make it his last duel. So he prescribed as the terms that each party, armed with a double-barreled shot-gun loaded with buckshot, and with a hunting-knife, should row himself in a skiff to designated points on opposite sides of the Savannah River. When the city clock struck twelve, each party should row his skiff to a small island in the middle of the stream, which was wooded and covered with underbrush. On arriving at the island each party was to moor his skiff and stand by it ten minutes and then go about the island till the meeting took place. The seconds waited on the main land until after one o'clock, when they heard three gun shots and loud and angry cries. Then all was still. At daylight, as had been agreed upon, the seconds went to the island, and found Jackson lying on the ground, insensible from the loss of blood, and his antagonist lying across him, dead. Jackson recovered, but would never relate his experience on that night, nor was he ever challenged again. He died in this city while serving his second term as United States Senator, on the 19th of March, 1806.—[Boston Journal.]

Alexis St. Martin, whose open stomach furnished Dr. Beaumont an opportunity for studying directly the processes of gastric digestion, is still living at St. Thomas, Canada. He is described as hale and hearty at the age of 87, though the office in his stomach is still open. It will be remembered that the wound was the result of a charge of buckshot accidentally received, laying open the stomach so that food could be injected and removed at will by the attending physician, whose observations were of such great value to medical science. It is now 57 years since the accident occurred.

Tom Corwin and the Preacher.

But few men of the West have filled so large a space of public thought as did the Hon. Tom Corwin, of Ohio.

While he was not a Christian, he recognized the truth of the Bible, and held the sincere followers of Christ in high esteem.

While Governor of the State he had an attack of illness, during which his life was despaired of, but blessed with a robust constitution, under the influence of skillful treatment he gradually recovered.

As soon as he was able, he walked out on the street, and in a few moments was met by one of the resident ministers of the city, who said to him:

"I am truly glad, Governor, that you are recovering your health."

"I did not suppose, sir, that you cared any thing about my health," replied Mr. Corwin.

"Why not?" said the preacher.

"You never came to see me during my protracted sickness," was his answer.

"I never saw you at church," said the preacher, "and I did not know that a visit from me would be acceptable."

"I was compelled," replied Mr. Corwin, "to quit going to church lest I might become an infidel. Entrusted with the most important message that was ever committed to man, you delivered it with an apathy that indicated that you had no confidence in its truth! If I were to practice law with the same stolid indifference with which you preach the gospel, I would lose every case. Nor should you have waited to inquire whether your visit to my sick room would have been acceptable. If my friend is dying, and I have the only panacea that will restore him, do you suppose that I could hesitate to visit him until I could learn whether my visit would be acceptable? No, sir; I would hasten to his bedside and offer him the relief. If a stream should roll between us, I would plunge into it, and reaching his home, would never pause to inquire if my visit would be acceptable, but would press to his bedside and offer him the remedy. Go, sir," said Mr. Corwin, "and seek for the lost, and deliver with an earnestness worthy the cause you plead your message of life and death."

The preacher never forgot the terrible rebuke of the Governor of Ohio.

A Horse Tied in Colorado.

An honest miner sat in a contemplative mood before the door of a saloon in one of the thoroughfares of Denver. He had taken "sugar in his" several times, and now cast a wistful look at intervals toward unprospected regions in the foothills where he hoped to strike a tellurium lode, now that "the Placer diggin' was played out." Slowly down the street came a solitary horseman, ill mounted, poorly clad, meagerly equipped, and stopped in front of the saloon.

"Stranger," said he, "I want to sell yer a horse."

"Stranger," was the reply, "I don't want him."

"Stranger," rejoined the wayfarer, "yer really must buy him. You never see a better horse for the price."

"What is the price, stranger?" asked the contemplative man.

"A hundred and fifty dollars, and dirt cheap at that."

The inquirer meditated for a few moments and then blandly remarked: "Stranger, I'll give you five."

The equestrian dismounted, saying with earnestness, "Stranger, I won't allow a hundred and fifty dollars to stand between you and me and a trade. The horse is yours."

A German clergyman who was traveling, stopped at a hotel much frequented by wags and jokers. The host, not being used to have a clergyman at his table, looked at him in surprise; the guests used all their artifice of wit upon him without eliciting a remark. The clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of his neighbors. One of them, at last, in despair of his forbearance, said to him, "Well, I wonder at your patience! Have you not heard all that has been said to you?" "Oh, yes; but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?" "No, sir." "Well, I will inform you. I am the chaplain of a lunatic asylum; such remarks have no effect on me."

James A. Adams, of Wellborn, Florida, sits on his right hip, his left hip perpendicular over his right; his arched in the shape of the letter S; his breast bone resting on his thigh; his shoulder blade resting on the side of his hip; his heart is on his right side; the elbow of one arm is in front, and knee of one knee is underneath; his head is fully developed; he is twenty years old and only weighs 60 pounds; and with all these deformities, he is always bright and cheerful.

"Were there cats in the ark?" is a question that is troubling the religious editor of an exchange. Certainly there were; and the first thing they said after leaving the craft was: "If there's Ararat around here we want to goopher it."

"Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose I haven't any thing to pay with?" "Then don't go."

A Monster.

There were a score or more of women gathered together at a Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a clever hearted man, and a respectable citizen though he is rather skeptical in some things.

The women had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room.

He was at once appealed to to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and then Mrs. Graham, aided:

"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar, and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a ten dollar bill, and as the ladies snatched their lips and clapped their hands, he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—yes," they chorused.

"And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape: "There are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you here who can make oaths that you have combed the children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blacked the cook stove, and made up the beds, I'll donate ten dollars."

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:

"Why, now, Mr. Johnson?"

"If fifteen of you can make oaths that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, the money is yours," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, the X goes to the society," said Mr. Johnson.

"If there are five pairs of stockings in this room that do not need darning, I'll hand over the money," he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members, and, as you are not a member, I beg that you will withdraw and let us proceed with the routine of business."

An instrument has been invented in France for aiding in the resuscitation of persons apparently drowned, or who from any other cause have been temporarily deprived of animation. It consists of a cylinder of sheet iron large enough to contain the body of an adult person. It is closed at one end, and the inanimate individual is inserted, feet foremost, in the receptacle, as far as the neck, round which there is placed a padded diaphragm, fastened to the cylinder so as to be air-tight. An air-pump attached to an opening in the tube, creates a partial vacuum, and then the outer atmosphere, by its own pressure, forces its way into the lungs by the mouth and nostrils, which are left exposed. A reversed action of the pump, the air is allowed to re-enter the cylinder, and respiration is thereby re-established. A glass plate inserted in the iron casing enables the operator to watch the movements of the chest, which rises and falls as in life, with the alternate working of the pump. That action may be repeated eight times in a minute, an exact imitation of natural breathing being thus produced.

LIFE TIME OF A LOCOMOTIVE.—The iron horse does not last much longer than the horse of flesh and bone. The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. Some of the smaller parts require renewal every six months; the boiler tubes last five years, and the crank axles six years; tires, boilers, and fire boxes from six to seven years; the side frames, axles, and other parts, thirty years. An important advantage is that a broken part can be repaired, and does not condemn the whole locomotive to the junk shop; while, when a horse breaks a leg, the whole animal is only worth the flesh, fat, and bones, which amount to a very small sum in this country, where horse flesh does not find its way to the butcher's shambles.

TO STOP BLEEDING.—Aaa Kemper, Press county, Ohio, says that bleeding from a wound on man or beast may be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts, bound on with white cloth. If the bleeding be profuse, use a large quantity, say from one to three pints. It may be left for hours, or even days, if necessary. In this manner he saved the life of a horse which was bleeding from a wounded artery, the bleeding ceasing in five minutes after the application. It was left on three days, when it worked loose, and was easily removed from the wound, which very soon healed.

You need not be afraid of giving too much. The old darkey said: "I'll any ob you know ob any church what died of liberality, jes' tell me what it is, an' I'll take a pilgrimage to it, an' by the soft light ob its pale moon I'll crawl upon its moss-covered roof an' write upon its moss-covered shingles: 'Blessed am the dead who die in the Lord.'"

The Detroit Free Press tells of a man who hanged a bear to death; and now that paper is receiving a great many letters, written in a feeble hand, asking that man's address.

MARKETS.

The retail prices for provisions are as follows:

Barren, hams, 10c; Bacon, sides, 10c; Bacon, hams, 10c; Lard, 10c; Butter, 10c; Eggs, 10c; Corn, 10c; Wheat, 10c; Oats, 10c; Rye, 10c; Barley, 10c; Potatoes, 10c; Apples, 10c; Peaches, 10c; Plums, 10c; Cherries, 10c; Strawberries, 10c; Raspberries, 10c; Blackberries, 10c; Currants, 10c; Grapes, 10c; Figs, 10c; Dates, 10c; Almonds, 10c; Walnuts, 10c; Pistachios, 10c; Peanuts, 10c; Coffee, 10c; Tea, 10c; Sugar, 10c; Molasses, 10c; Syrup, 10c; Honey, 10c; Butter, 10c; Eggs, 10c; Corn, 10c; Wheat, 10c; Oats, 10c; Rye, 10c; Barley, 10c; Potatoes, 10c; Apples, 10c; Peaches, 10c; Plums, 10c; Cherries, 10c; Strawberries, 10c; Raspberries, 10c; Blackberries, 10c; Currants, 10c; Grapes, 10c; Figs, 10c; Dates, 10c; Almonds, 10c; Walnuts, 10c; Pistachios, 10c; Peanuts, 10c; Coffee, 10c; Tea, 10c; Sugar, 10c; Molasses, 10c; Syrup, 10c; Honey, 10c; Butter, 10c; Eggs, 10c; Corn, 10c; Wheat, 10c; Oats, 10c; Rye, 10c; Barley, 10c; Potatoes, 10c; Apples, 10c; Peaches, 10c; Plums, 10c; Cherries, 10c; Strawberries, 10c; 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